

From Chicago comes a loud protest against street parades, which are characterized as a nuisance.

Old English silverware is much in demand in the United States just now, and genuine pieces, especially those of historic interest, fetch high prices.

Weather forecasts in Great Britain grow more accurate every year, and the meteorological council announce with pride that eighty-four per cent. of those given last year were successful. Three years ago nearly seventeen per cent. of the storm warnings were not fulfilled, but now the rate has fallen to seven per cent.

The park policemen of San Francisco use the lariat to stop runaway horses, and all are experts with the rope. The Captain of the Golden Gate Park squad says his men "can stop a horse within a distance of fifty yards without the slightest danger to themselves," and he implies, though he doesn't distinctly say so, without danger to the runaway or its rider.

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in chancery and heiresses to \$100,000 each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

The beauty of the elm is more than skin deep, says the New York Post, and a high light of forestry gives it the first rank as a shade tree, both for streets and parks, because it is likewise strong, vigorous, and can be grown in so many places. The leaves are so tough that dust has little effect on them. Certain kinds of maples also have a good standing for shade, beauty, and rapid growth, though the soft maple is useless for heavy shade. Oak trees, the English and the Turkish, though rarely seen as shade trees in our streets, take high rank for that use.

Says the New York Tribune: "It may not be flattering to our vanity, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Europe does not take nearly as much interest in America as America takes in Europe. This has long been indicated by the paucity of American news in the European press; and it is now forcibly brought to our attention by the indifference of Europe to the greatest Exposition that has ever been held. The average European classes the United States with Australia, Madagascar, South Africa and other out-of-the-way countries, whose doings can have no possible interest for him. This being so, the wonder is not that there have been so few European visitors to the Fair, but that any one in this country should have expected them to come."

As a result of his investigations, Professor McCook estimates the army of tramps in the United States at 45,845. Practically all of them are in the prime of life and in good health, with nothing to prevent them from earning a livelihood, three-fifths of them having trades by which to support themselves, and nine-tenths able to read and write. And yet they are loafers and non-producers, refusing to assume the obligations of citizenship, and are a mere burden to society. At a conservative estimate, their maintenance costs the public \$3.50 a week, eighty-four cents of which is spent for spirits and tobacco; and if to this is added police and hospital charges, the expense is increased to \$4.40 a week, as much as it costs to support the most dangerous criminal. The aggregate sum thus required to keep the tramp army in motion is \$3,169,000 a year, a sum double the cost of the Indian bureau, and more than one-quarter of the annual interest of the public debt. Worse than this, the army is a constant menace to public morals and public health, the greater that it is always in motion, in that of those who are ill by far the larger proportion suffer from exceedingly loathsome and contagious diseases. The tramp evil is thus a most pressing one, not only because of its demoralizing effects upon industry, but because of the moral and physical dangers to which it exposes the working population.

SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW.

Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow—
It's off for a sailor thy father would go!
And it's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me:
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow!"
Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow—
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when
I sing my song over and over again:
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow!"
"Swing high and swing low"—the sea singingeth so,
And it walleth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea.
Nor rocket he ever of mine or of me!
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow—
'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go!"
—Eugene Field, in Chicago Herald.

A LOVE LETTER.

BY S. A. WEISS.



QUIRE MADDOX sat at breakfast, reading the leading county newspaper, and choking with toast and indignation at a fierce editorial attack upon his own political party.
"Confounded nonsense and idiocy!" he exclaimed, at length, as he contemptuously tossed aside the paper.
"Here, Eva, child, another cup of coffee!"
As his daughter received the empty cup, he noticed something of an expression of sadness on her usually bright face, and his conscience reproached him as being the cause of it.
Since the death of his wife, whom he had tenderly loved, his daughter had been dearer to him than anything on earth, and he did not like to see her looking unhappy.
"What is the day's programme, Evie?" he asked, quite mildly.
"Haden't you better drive down with me to Chester and see the Lyne girls while I call on my lawyer?"
"No, thank you, papa. The Lyne girls are coming here to tea and croquet this afternoon."
"Ah! And who have you to meet them?"
Eva's hand was a little unsteady as she poured out the coffee, and her aunt, Miss Maddox, quietly answered for her:
"Young Mr. Moffit and his sister, and the Harmon girls and Jack Riverton, and Mr. Patton will bring a friend with him."
The squire's brow darkened.
"Wasn't Jack Riverton here yesterday?"
"No, not yesterday."
"Well, the day before then. Seems to me he is always here. Pity his father don't keep him more closely to his desk in his office, or that he can't find some other place than my house in which to pass his superabundant leisure. And I don't see," he added, irritably—"I don't see why he should have been invited here, when I have already expressed my objection to him."
"He is not particularly invited," his sister answered. "It is only the second meeting of our little croquet club—all that we can find to amuse us in this dull country neighborhood. And, of course, you can't blame him for coming with the rest."
Eva's soft, dark eyes had filled with tears.
"Papa," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "why do you object to Mr. Riverton? Everybody likes him but you."
The squire hesitated a full half minute, as he made a pretense of carefully buttering his egg.
"I have nothing against the young man's character," he said at length, still more impatiently, "but I don't like him personally—that is, his ways. I wish to hear and see no more of him if possible. I object decidedly, Eva, to your accepting the attention which he has recently been paying you, and I must request you, Matilda, not to encourage his visits here."
"I am sure I don't encourage him," Miss Matilda replied, bristling a little, well aware in her own mind that Mr. Riverton needed no encouragement from her. "But I can't understand, brother, what you can find to object to in Jack Riverton's manners. Every one says they are delightful, and you never found fault with him until lately."
"That is just it. His manners have entirely changed of late. When a man comes courting my daughter"—this in a very positive tone of voice—"I like him to appear as a man, and a man of sense and business. He should come to me in the first place and say frankly that he wishes my consent to his addressing my daughter as he—er—finds that he—er—has a regard for her, or something plain and simple of that kind. But Riverton is a spoony, and is making a fool of himself. If there

is anything that I thoroughly despise, it is to see a tall young fellow like that languishing around a woman, making sheep's eyes at her on all occasions—even in church—and dawdling about for hours in the moonlight, repeating poetry and calling her darling and dearest, and other such baby names. It's disgusting!"

Here Eva, whose cheeks had been gradually assuming the hue of the damask rose which was pinned at her throat, suddenly leaned back in her chair and burst into tears.

She knew now that papa must have overheard that talk between herself and Jack, when they sat in the moonlight under the drooping roses right beneath his open window.

And she had never dreamed that papa could be mean enough—no, she would not say that—but unfeeling enough to listen.

As she softly cried, with her dainty handkerchief pressed to her eyes, she heard her father's concluding words:

"When you find a man making love in this idiotic way, you may be positive of one thing—that the love is only skin-deep, and that he will make an indifferent, if not a bad husband. For this reason I object to Mr. Jack Riverton courting my daughter."

That evening, in the quiet twilight interval between tea and croquet, Eva took occasion to convey to Mr. Riverton a warning hint of what her father expected of them in the future.

Jack knew—as did most of the squire's acquaintances—that despite a "good heart at bottom," the old gentleman was apt to take up absurd and unreasonable prejudices, and to stick to them with tenacious obstinacy—especially when he found himself opposed. But on this occasion the young man's spirit rose in high rebellion, and it took all Eva's influence to pacify him.

"No, Jack," she said, with a gentle firmness, in reply to his excited remarks, "you must not speak to papa at present. It would only make matters worse while he is in this mood. We can do nothing but wait and see if in time he won't yield to more reasonable impressions."

"In time!" repeated Jack, impatiently. "Why, Evie, he don't change his views on any subject within five years' time."

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose we shall have to wait, even if it is as long as that."

One day the squire, returning from his morning ride, found his daughter and his sister seated in the pleasant little sitting-room opening upon the garden.

Eva's white fingers were deftly fashioning some rose-colored ribbons into dainty knots and loops.

"What are those for?" her father inquired, as he seated himself in his own big arm-chair and unfolded his paper while glancing admiringly at the silken stuff.

"To wear at the lawn party this evening, papa. And you will go with us, of course?"

"A lawn party? Ah, I had forgotten! Well, where is it to be—at the Lyens'?"

"At the Rivertons," Miss Maddox said.

He scowled as he roughly shook out his paper.

"I don't wish to interfere with your pleasures or enjoyments, Eva," he said, "but I would rather that you should not go to this party at the Rivertons."

She knew that when her father expressed a wish, it was intended as a command, and her hands dropped listlessly into her lap, crushing the crisp ribbons. Tears forced themselves between the long lashes, and she presently rose and quietly left the room.

Then Miss Maddox looked up from her own work, and there was something unusual in her expression.

"Archibald," she said, gravely, "I have something to say to you. I would warn you not to carry this matter too far, nor to be too hard upon Eva and Jack Riverton, lest you drive her into open disobedience and even an elopement."

"An elopement!"

His sister took from the little work-box which Eva had left on the table a folded letter.

"I found this here, just where you see that she keeps it. Perhaps I ought not to have read it, seeing that it is a love letter; but, under the circumstances, I consider it my duty to let you know the contents. Will you read it, or shall I do so?"

The squire replied with a sort of inarticulate grunt, which his sister interpreted in her own way, and accordingly commenced reading, aloud:

"My own precious angel, Eva—"

"Bah!" said the squire, with an expression of unutterable disgust.

"since a cruel and relentless fate at present forbids our meeting, I can but take this unsatisfactory method of communicating with you, and telling you, my own dearest darling, of how unexpressed and unutterably dear you are to me."

"The fool!" muttered the squire.

"Oh, my soul's beloved—"

"For heaven's sake, Matilda, spare me any more of that sickening and idiotic stuff! Why, it's worse even than I would have thought Jack Riverton capable of. What were you saying about an elopement?"

"It is this," answered his sister, glancing down the page:

"I find that I cannot exist apart from you, and since your unfeeling father—"

"Humph!"

"—will not consent to our union, we must take our fortunes into our own hands and defy any earthly power to keep us asunder."

"The rascal!" cried the squire, starting erect in his chair.

But his sister put out her hand, deprecatingly.

"Hear the rest, Archibald!"

"Not another word! The idea of a rascal and idiot like that presuming to court my daughter—"

"But at least hear the last lines:

"Good-night, my soul's beloved! May angels fan you to slumber with their fragrance-laden wings! and in your dreams think of your own devoted—"

"ARCHIBALD MADDOX."

There was a blank, bewildered pause.

"What does this mean, Matilda?"

What letter is that?"

His sister quietly handed it to him.

"It is one which you wrote over twenty years ago to the woman whom you loved and married—Eva Chesney. Your daughter found it a few days ago among some old letters and papers in the attic closet."

The squire looked over the faded and torn sheet as one in a dream.

"I would not have believed that I could ever have written in a style such as this," he said, in a strangely subdued voice.

"And yet you were a devoted husband and made your wife a happy woman."

He read the letter through, and a moisture gathered in his eyes.

"We are apt to forget—apt to forget!" he muttered, as he refolded it.

Just then Eva entered the room.

"I must put away my work," she said, apologetically, and there were traces of tears in her eyes.

Her father put out his hand, and drew her gently to her former seat.

"Sit down, dear, and finish your ribbons. I will take you over to the Rivertons' this evening."

And Eva never knew until after her marriage to Jack Riverton what had caused so sudden a change in her father's views and sentiments in regard to that subject.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The average woman lives longer than the average man.

All medical authorities hold that fruits are essential to prolongation of life.

Attempts have been made to counterfeit meteorites, because they are so valuable, but without success.

According to the tracks found in a stone quarry in Connecticut, a bird with a foot eleven inches in length inhabited those parts.

Dr. Brown-Sequard says that pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, especially in front of the right one, will stop a fit of coughing.

The hydrographic office at Washington is disposed to attribute the heat and drought in Europe this season to the scarcity of icebergs in the North Atlantic.

The Chicago Common Council has empowered the Mayor of the city to negotiate for the erection of garbage crematories of a capacity of 100,000 tons a day.

The narrowest part of the Strait of Florida, through which the Gulf Stream flows at the rate of five knots an hour, is fifty miles wide, and has a mean depth of 350 fathoms. If this were stopped up the climate of this country in winter would be totally changed.

A recently constructed submarine boat, destined for the French Navy, is moved by electricity, carries a crew of twelve men, and can remain under water for two hours. It is planned to lodge under an enemy's vessel a torpedo powerful enough to break a big steamer in two.

A. D. Bisten, in a recently published paper in the Astronomical Journal on a new method for determining the direction of the sun's motion through space, concludes that he has obtained results which not only show the reality of such motion, but that its rate is 10.9 miles per second.

After two years' trial with pine, oak and greenheart in the Suez Canal Company's arsenal basin at Port Said, it has been found that while the pine and oak are almost entirely destroyed by the "tarant," or borer worm, the greenheart has suffered no injury whatever. This wood is a native of British Guiana.

Experiments with a bicycle fitted out with a small chemical tank and fire axe are being made by a South Boston fire company. The bicycle has cushion tires and with its whole outfit weighs about sixty pounds. The tank holds about two gallons of chemical, which amounts as an extinguisher to about twelve pails of water.

It is popularly supposed that the sudden downpour which usually follows a bright flash of lightning is in some way caused by the flash. Meteorologists have proven that this is not the case, and that, exactly to the contrary, it is not only possible but highly probable that the sudden increased precipitation is the real cause of the flash.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

WHEN NOT TO USE EGGS.

Not in rice pudding, which you do not want to have turned into a custard. The genuine rice pudding is made rich and creamy by constantly stirring into it the top skin of the milk, as it forms in the baking pan, as soon as it begins to turn yellow with the heat. Continue to stir in this top until the rice is well softened and the pudding nearly done. Then you may let the top brown, and you will have a perfect pudding when cold—as good as ice cream. It needs no flavoring except a little cinnamon, although some people like to grate lemon peel into it. Eggs are not needed either in a muffin. Good English muffins are made of bread dough softened to a batter with milk. One egg to a quart of milk, flour to make a batter and a spoonful of baking powder makes perfect English muffins. Two eggs spoil it and make it quite another article.—St. Louis Republic.

EIGHT WAYS OF PREPARING CABBAGE.

The simplest way to prepare cabbage, writes Clara S. Everts, in Farm, Field and Fireside, is to make cold-slaw by shredding it and adding a little salt, pepper and enough sharp vinegar to almost cover it in which sugar has been dissolved in the proportion of a heaping tablespoonful to a cup of vinegar. A more elaborate cold-slaw is made by using a dressing of half a cup of rich cream, tablespoonful sugar and half cup of vinegar. Many prefer sour cream to sweet, but it will require nearly as much again sugar if sour cream be used instead of sweet.

Cabbage Salad—Cut the cabbage fine. Make a dressing by stirring into a cup of vinegar a well-beaten egg, a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, small lump of butter, salt and pepper. When it boils add a scant tablespoonful of flour in a third of a cup of milk. Cook well and pour over the cabbage. Mix thoroughly and set aside until cold. In winter it will keep nicely for three or four days. In hot weather if water is used instead of milk it will keep for two days. Many complain that uncoked cabbage is hard to digest. In that case it should be finely chopped, thoroughly salted and allowed to stand for two or three hours. Then if all the water arising is carefully squeezed out before the dressing is added it will be as digestible as the cooked.

Creamed Cabbage—Chop, add boiling water till it shows through the cabbage, but is not quite covered, salt, pepper and cover closely. Cook till tender, stirring now and then. Add more water if necessary and when done add a small lump of butter and half a cup of milk in which a tablespoonful of flour has been smoothed. Cook two or three minutes longer and serve hot.

Fried Cabbage—Chop moderately fine and put in a frying pan in which is a tablespoonful of hot butter and one of meat drippings. Salt, pepper and cover closely, stirring often to prevent scorching. When delicately browned add a little water and simmer until done.

Boiled Cabbage—Soft or coarse heads of cabbage that seem hardly fit for use may be boiled and prove very nice. Cut in quarters, remove the heart and boil with a meat bone, or add to the water enough soup stock to give the desired richness. It should be almost covered with water when beginning to cook and ought to boil from an hour to an hour and a half. Serve in side dishes, in which it is cut up and vinegar added to suit the taste.

Baked Cabbage—Take a small firm head and with a sharp knife cut out the heart, without otherwise cutting the cabbage. Crumble a sufficient amount of bread, add salt, pepper and butter and moisten with boiling water and fill the cavity with this. Place in a baking dish with a pint of well-salted boiling water and a good sized lump of butter. Cover and bake for an hour or two. Just before serving remove the cover and brown a little. With the aid of a saucer carefully remove, without breaking, to a hot dish, and to the water in the baking dish add a little flour smoothed in cold water and poured around the cabbage; or the bread may be moistened with rich soup stock and this used instead of water in the baking pan. It should be thickened and used as a gravy with the cabbage the same as the water was used. If the flavor of pork is liked it is very nice to almost cover the cabbage with very thin slices of salt pork. When the cover is removed from the pan these will brown nicely.

Hot Slaw—Chop the cabbage moderately fine, almost cover with boiling water, and cook until tender but not "mushy." To a cup of vinegar add a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, a well-beaten egg and a tablespoonful of flour smoothed in a little cold water. Pour all slowly into the cooking cabbage, stirring constantly. Add a small lump of butter, stir till melted and serve at once.

On seeing a young coon in an oak, near Cincinnati, a boy climbed the tree, with the intention of capturing the animal. As he neared the top an old coon attacked him from behind. The lad turned to face his new foe, and a fight continued for several minutes, when the boy fell and received fatal injuries.

AMERICA'S ARABS.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

A Strange People Who Inhabit a Weird Country—They Are All Thieves, and Would Rather Starve Than Eat Fish.

TWO thousand miles and more from New York, and apparently a like distance from anywhere else, there is an almost forgotten land, inhabited by a strange Nation of savages, obscurely known as the Navajos. From time to time since the tide of emigration crossed the Rocky Mountains, nearly fifty years ago, there have been numerous disturbances with these Indians, and not a little bloodshed. But while other tribes have been pushed aside by the resistless forces of advancing civilization and have sought other homes with sorely reduced numbers, the Navajo, securely intrenched in his desert fastnesses that no man covets, has held his own and increased and multiplied.

Above all savage tribes that I have known, says a writer in the New York Herald, the Navajos are the most secretive as to their history and their affairs. It was always a difficult matter to learn from them the simplest matters about their history or their habits. Even their names they are reluctant to give, and they are known to white men and Mexicans by Spanish names, such as Manuelito (the great chief), Jose, Juan or Julian. But I succeeded once in obtaining a curious myth from a fat old sub-chief, known as Julian, with whom I became decidedly chummy. I asked him to tell me who built the old ruins of forts and castles that are frequently found in places where to-day the desert stretches for many miles, and to explain the fragments of pottery that are found in profusion in the sand. This pottery, painted and glazed, scattered over miles of ground, indicates surely that populous cities once occupied what is now arid desert. With infinite trouble I obtained the following statement from Julian:

"Many years ago there was a great

called for a can of peaches. It was opened for them and a tin spoon, unwashed from its last use, was handed to them. One spoon is considered enough for half a dozen Indians, and they use it alternately without any formalities as to cleansing. This particular spoon had last been used by a Mexican or cowboy on a can of salmon. When the senior Navajo placed the first mouthful of peaches in his mouth he detected the flavor of the fish, and at once spat the fruit out. With agitation expressed in every lineament he smelled the spoon and then passed it to one of his waiting compatriots. The latter took a sniff and then threw the spoon on the floor with disgust, exclaiming, "Piscado! No bueno." (Fish! Bad.) The Indians were at a murderous point of anger, and were only conciliated by elaborate assurances that the affair was an accident. The unfortunate who had taken the spoon into his mouth was absolutely nauseated.

Their religion may be dismissed by the statement that they have none. Quite a number of the Navajos were taken while very young to the Jesuit school at Fort Defiance and to the Presbyterian. The good Fathers and zealous clergymen did their best by them, of course. Yet I found, as a matter of sad experience, that the very worst and most dishonest Navajos were those who had been thus educated. For instance, I remember that a few years ago, when I was alone in a trading post, a young Indian came in. He was a big, shapely fellow and uncommonly handsome. He was decked out in the height of style for a Navajo. His blankets were worth \$100, and the silver ornaments on the headstall of his pony were heavy and of the best workmanship. He introduced himself to me in awkward Spanish, interspersed with Navajo words and signs which I could interpret, but apparently knew no English. His business was to pawn his revolver for \$5. It is the custom of traders to make such loans, without interest, because the borrower usually wants to buy goods and the aboriginal mind has never accepted the idea of interest. Therefore, when this Indian stated his wish in silky tones I gave him the money he asked for. When the pistol and money had been exchanged the

generally low in stature, thick set, broad featured and wear their hair in long braids. The Navajo, lighter in color, is taller, wears his long hair loose, and his features are of a cleaner cut. He is of the greyhound type—lithe, wiry and tough. As to courage, he has enough to carry him successfully through his bickerings with the puny Mexicans and the wretched Apaches that are near him, but he will not fight white men unless at every advantage. In the last fifty years our Government has sent a series of mili-



NAVAJO HEAD DRESS.

tary expeditions against them, but they have been, with one exception, ter failures. In their desert homes they could not be brought to bay, and the troops were obliged to retire because they could not obtain water and forage. In 1856 the late General E. V. Sumner led the strongest of the expeditions against them and penetrated the heart of their country, where he established the post of Fort Defiance. But that accomplished soldier, with the choicest troops of our army, was unable to bring them to battle, and, like his predecessors, returned from an almost fruitless incursion.

The character of their country is such as to make military operations against them almost hopeless, and a general war with them would, from a military point of view, indicate failure and mortification in advance. There is not enough water available in the whole country properly to supply the needs of its inhabitants. What there is can be found only in springs and in small pools, and these can only be found by careful search. A stranger would perish in this desert, though the water might be close to him. Neither is there herbage to feed the large number of animals required for a force sufficient to deal successfully with the strength of the Navajo Nation. If the necessity for stern war arises short spurs of railroads must be constructed, and thus the difficulties can be overcome, but without such means of rapid transportation a hunt after the Navajos will be like the Irishman's chase after the flea—"When you put your finger on him he isn't there."

They are polygamous, if their methods of establishing marital relations can be counted as pertaining to matrimony. An Indian girl is as much a chattel of her father as is his horse. When old enough he sells her to some Indian who wants her, and her charms and ability as a cook determine the number of ponies to be paid for her. Eight ponies is an average price, and twelve is considered high. I knew of one for whom the happy bridegroom told me he paid thirty ponies. This statement I always doubted, gravely, not because I would ungallantly cast any reflection on the charms of the lady, but because I knew the Indian, and appreciated his talent as a liar. A pony, it may be said, is worth from \$8 to \$12. The wife is the property of the husband, and when he feels so disposed and can find a purchaser he sells her. Such a transfer makes no breach in the friendly feeling between the quondam husband and wife. On a long ride through the reservation I had for a guide an especially decent Indian, with whom I conversed for hours. One night when we could not find water, for which our horses were suffering, he said to me: "If we go a few miles further we will find a Navajo house where we will be comfortable. The man is my friend and his wife is a good cook. She was my wife last year, but I sold her to him."

In my ignorance I imagined some delicacy about the meeting of the two, but was too anxious to find water for my good horse to hesitate. When we arrived at the place—a rude wall of stones built around a cavern—the family appeared. The man was an especially villainous looking, elderly Indian. The woman was fat and forty, without being fair. The meeting was cordial all around, and between my guide and his former wife there was much pleasant badinage in their own language, while the new husband placidly smoked his cigarettes and concocted schemes, which he successfully carried out, to steal my provisions.

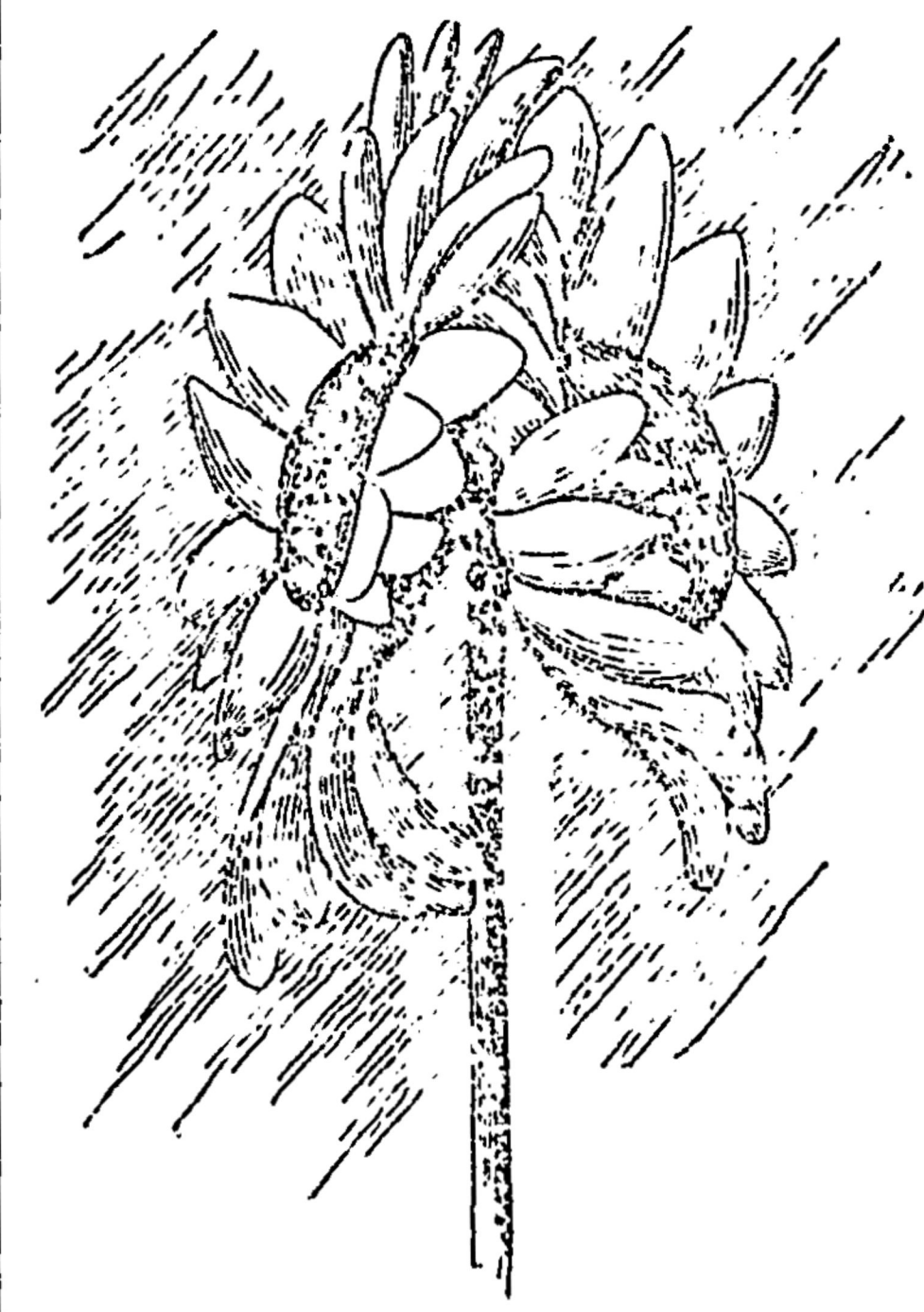
A survey for a cable from the shores of California to the Sandwich Islands has resulted in a route being chosen from Monterey Bay to Honolulu. The route selected will require the smallest length of wire, and it passes over an even bottom, favorable for the protection and preservation of a cable, submarine mountains being avoided.

A Twin Daisy.

Scores of adulatory verse have been written by poets of "the fields white decked with nodding daisies." Gross dozens of earthen flower holders have been filled, by blooming maidens, with daisies for conspicuous ornamentation. The more practical husbandman, however, utters imprecations till the atmosphere takes on a cerulean hue as he speaks of those pests of his field, "them common daisies."

A very uncommon one, however, is the subject of our illustration. Not for its economic or pictorial aspect do we show this strange departure from the regular growth, but on account, first, of its oddity, a genuine twin daisy; and second, because if one daisy is good, two on the same stalk must be better.

Daisies were not made alone for poets, maidens or farmers. There is our old grandmother, bless her soul! when we were ourselves so enfeebled by weakness as to have copious night sweats, such as fairly saturated the bedding with our oozing strength, she gathered some of these charming flowers and decorated the interior of the tin teapot with their beauty—



A TWIN DAISY.

practically steeped them into a tea and told us to drink freely of it, when cold. She knew better than farmer or poet that there were other virtues than verse or curse in this little creation of God. It stopped our night sweats immediately, and in our build-up strength we have thought possibly it were better to have two daisies grow where but one grew before.—American Agriculturist.

The Closed Mouth.

Indian mothers are most careful to inculcate the habit of keeping their children's mouths shut from their infancy. When a baby is laid down to sleep the mother carefully presses its lips together. The habit, thus early acquired, seldom departs in after-life.

A New Fall Costume.

A new fall costume is of birdseye suiting, which will be extremely popular as the season advances. In color it is blue, with a suggestion of dark red through it. The skirt is known as the Louis XIII. It fits closely at the top, but has the sides and back cut full enough to fall in natural plaits. The front breadth is trimmed with mar-



row pipings of dark red velvet. The corsage is plaited at the sides, though the front of the body is seamless. A yoke effect is produced by a double piping of velvet. Broad, drooping epaulettes fall over the gigot sleeves. They are caught near the armhole by rosettes of dark red velvet. The effect of the rosettes forming the collar is new and very pretty.—New York World.

A Mountain of Hornstone.

Mount Kineo, which rises precipitously 700 feet out of Moosehead Lake, in Maine, is wholly composed of hornstone, and is the largest mass of that mineral in the known world.

A Famous Dwarf in an Almshouse.

Two of the most interesting sights at the Philadelphia Hospital which are always a center of attraction to visitors are the two little people Lizzie Francks, known as Barnum's Dwarf, and Bartie Mills, who, by reason of paralysis, never developed beyond the stature of boyhood. The former is now in her fifty-eighth year and the latter is over forty years old.

Lizzie Francks was once the center of considerable attraction and was exhibited for years by Barnum as "Tittania, the Fairy Queen." She was one of the most wonderful and pretty mid-gets twenty years ago, and, although then advanced in the thirties, still had the glow of youth and beauty about her. She traveled with Barnum's Circus all over the country and amused by her singing and dancing the great American circus-going public. She was a wonder on account of her diminutive stature, and always drew large crowds. Many may ask how, after a long and well-requited service, extending over several years, she has come now, in her advanced age, to be an inmate of the almshouse. The tale as told by her is a short but satisfactory explanation.

The money that was made for her exhibition was handed to her parents, who accompanied her, and who, by their lavish extravagance, wasted the little "Queen's" hard-earned cash. "Had it been invested," she often has said, "I would still have a little to live upon now in my old days." The little woman, however, is happy with her lot and beloved by all her comrades in distress in the almshouse, to which



OLD, BUT DWARFED IN STATURE.

she was admitted on August 28, 1877, through her best friend, Mrs. McDowell, of this city. Although now near the three-score years she still retains to a wonderful degree her beauty and demure ways. She is always very industrious and cheerful.

Bartie Mills was born in Paschall and has never been able to walk or talk beyond a little muttering. He looks like a well-grown baby boy and is much like one in habits. He always eats his food with a relish and enjoys the life which he is compelled to lead. Bartie likes to be around when the days are fine and, although quiet and apparently like a child in his chair, he is a close observer of all that passes. In his manner he is much like a child and has to be handled and fed the same as a little one six months old. He has two brothers in Paschall who are full grown and well developed.

Bartie always knows when it is bed time as well as when he should be fed, and makes motions to his guardian. He was admitted to the institution on October 10, 1879, and enjoys excellent health.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

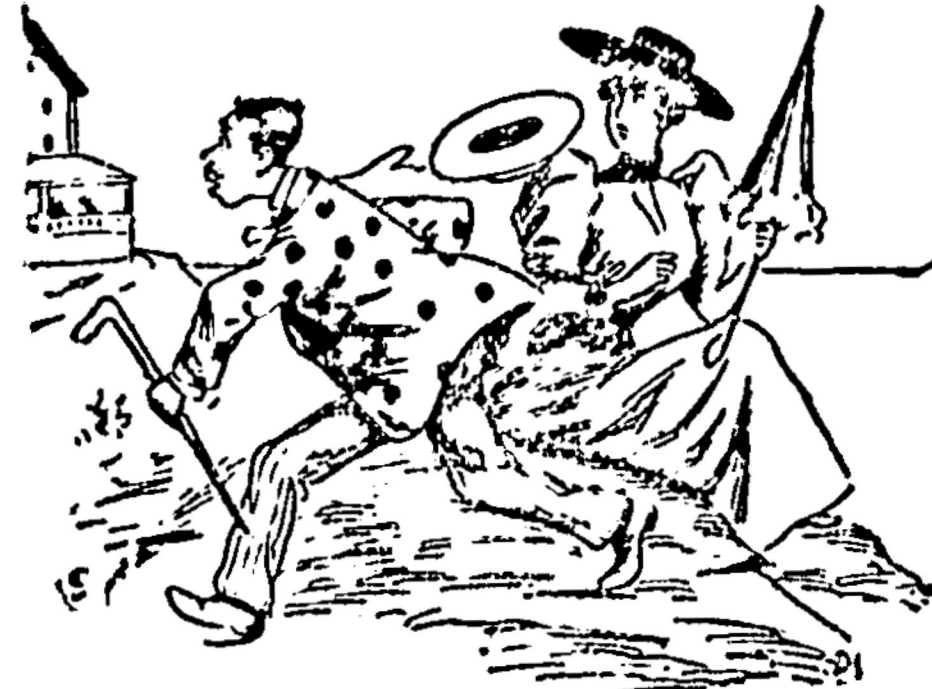
The Ivy on the Wall.

The growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stones for its own sustenance, by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground, without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain.

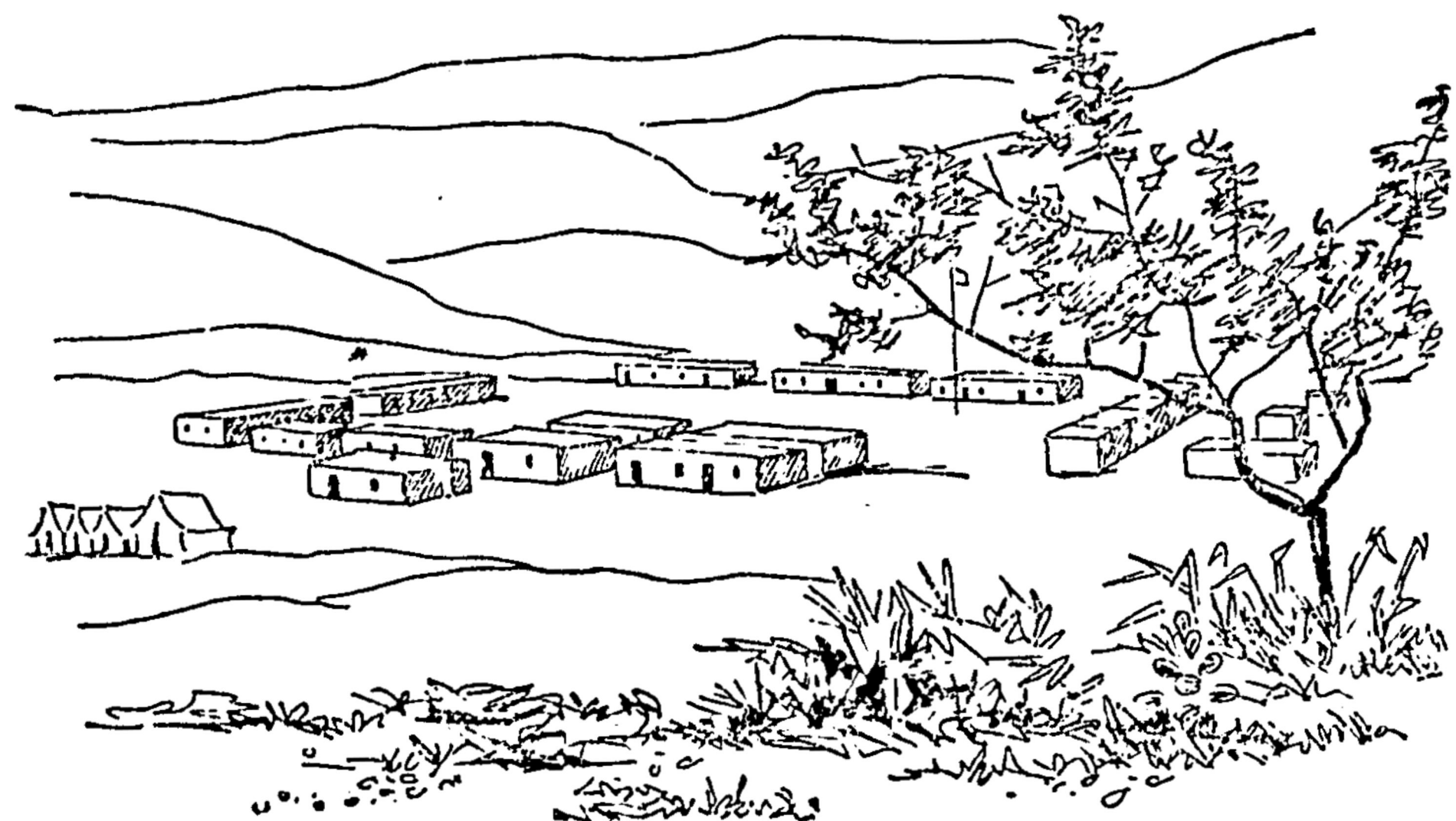
A Throttled Romance.



Mr. Starrborder—"Ah, Miss de Coo, what an inspiring view this is! How it lifts us above the common things of earth! I could sit here forever, with my soul—"



(But the dinner-gong sounded just then, and his soul got the worst of it.)—Fack.



FORT DEFIANCE, IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY.

people here. They built the old forts and houses that you see, and then had very large villages. There were no Navajos here then. These people made water to flow where it should not—meaning that they irrigated the soil, which seemed to the Navajos contrary to nature's law—and therefore red soldiers came here and killed them all. Then the Navajos came here."

Scorning work, except for the women, the Navajo has lived in this barren, rocky region, for ages. His home is usually in caves, or crevices in the rock, generally with only a partial shelter from the rain, which rarely falls. With the minimum of labor they cultivate their best fields and raise a little corn and wheat, on soil that if irrigated would make them rich. That the necessary water is close at hand is certain. As one rides his horse over the country, the hollow sound that follows the hoof-beats, and often the tremor of the earth, indicate plainly the course of underground streams. Wells and windmills would make their desert "blossom like the rose."

But as it is, with no great amount of game, the Navajo, as I have observed him, is always hungry and usually half starved. Yet in spite of this some superstition prevents him from eating the fish, which are plentiful in the San Juan. Rather than eat fish a Navajo



NAVAJO WIGWAMS.

will die of starvation. This superstition, as I learned, is based on the idea that the spirits of the women go into the fish when the former die, and as they hold women in great contempt they fear to touch the fish. Indeed, their feelings in this matter seems to be loathing. I remember one day when a party of elderly and important Navajos visited a trading post that they

young chief asked me for a paper. I did not know what he meant until after explanation I learned that he wanted a paper in duplicate, describing the transaction. As my aboriginal explained, these papers must be exactly alike, he to keep one and the other to be kept by me, ostensibly. In fact, the Navajo looked over the wall of the place until he found a small crevice ten feet above the floor, to which he climbed and where he inserted and left my end of the pawn ticket. Two weeks later the Indian came in again and paid me half of his debt. He produced his paper and had me endorse the payment, and he climbed the wall and, producing the duplicate, secured a like endorsement on that. He wished, as a matter of business, to see his pistol, and was gratified, of course. He left me forever soon after, and incidentally and in a manner that would have done credit to a London pick-pocket took with him his pistol and my duplicate pawn ticket. Later inquiries informed me not only that my Indian was not only one of the worst murderers among the Navajos, but that he had been carefully educated at Fort Defiance, spoke, read and wrote Spanish and English fluently, and had fooled me as readily as ever a New Yorker was taken in.

But our effete Eastern ideas cannot properly estimate the aboriginal view of thieving. With them successful larceny is considered not a fault, but a habit to be proud of. Like their Arabian prototypes, they recognize theft as an accomplishment or an art that cannot be held in too high esteem. Every Navajo is a thief, and is such by instinct and by hereditary descent from generations of larcenous ancestors. I have seen a small Navajo baby strapped in its cradle and propped up against the wall of a store trying earnestly to steal a large tin watering pot utterly useless to an Indian. Not old enough to articulate, the bright, snaky black eyes of the baby absolutely gleamed with thievish desire.

A masterful lot of savages they are. Turbulent and treacherous they are utterly indifferent to treaty obligations or ordinary considerations of gratitude. Physically they are better than most of their neighbors. The Utes, who are nearest to them, are

GETTYSBURG, Sept. 29.—Wm. H. Tipton, the well known photographer of this place has brought suit in the Court of Common Pleas of this county against Major General Daniel E. Sickles for injuring his business, and claims \$10,000 damages.

General Sickles, who commanded the Third Corps in this battle and left a leg near the "wheat field," and who is now a member of Congress from New York city and a major general on the retired list of the army, was the chairman of the New York State Board of Gettysburg Battlefield Commissioners. He is also a director in the Memorial Association, and the difficulty between the warrior and the photographer arose over the running of the trolley railway over this battlefield. General Sickles was bitterly opposed to allowing the trolley on the field at all, and he considered that Mr. Tipton was largely responsible for the presence of the railway, because Tipton was active as a member of the Town Council in granting the trolley the right of way through the borough and aided them in securing a passage over the highways of the adjoining township. As chairman of the New York Commission General Sickles refused to have any dealings with Mr. Tipton, and the latter asserts that he used his influence to injure his sales to the Empire State veterans.

The actual collision, however, occurred on the morning of July 3, at the dedication of the costly monument of the Forty-fourth and Twelfth Infantry (General Butterfield's original command), where Mr. Tipton attempted to photograph the group of distinguished veterans. He was ordered to desist by both General Sickles and General Butterfield and when he persisted some of the crowd threw the photographing instruments on the ground and threatened to throw Mr. Tipton down the side of Little Round Top.

G. J. Benner and ex Judge Wills filed the plaintiff's statement in the Prothonotary's office. The case will now go on the trial docket and will be reached about the third week in November. The case covers a number of points.

O for an eye more clear to see,
A mind to grasp more earnestly,
For every good intent,
That to the sick and despairing
I bring the a peerless cure.

Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption, 25 and 50 cents. Sold at Barnitz's drug store.

Israel Garretson, Esq., State Sample Drawer of commercial fertilizer for York and Adams counties, this season drew 234 different brands of fertilizers; and found 89 agents there, selling brands manufactured by 60 different companies.

There can be no health for either mind or body so long as the blood is vitiated. Cleanse the vital current from all impurities by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine recruits the wasted energies, strengthens the nerves, and restores health to the debilitated system.

The Reading receivers are paying the coupons due October 1, on the first mortgage bonds of the Gettysburg & Harrisburg. This road is the Reading's only inlet to Baltimore, and the receivers cannot afford to let it fall into the hands of an adverse interest.

The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is well known to the medical profession, and universally approved. The reputation of the firm guarantees excellence and uniformity in the medicine, and the world's experience for nearly half a century has fully demonstrated its value.

John Yeaple, of East York, on Friday went fishing in the Codorus at West's dam, saying he would be back in the afternoon. No returning Friday night or Saturday his friends began a search for him. It was well known that he was subject to epileptic fits and this fact made them the more uneasy about him. He was traced as far as West's dam, where he was seen fishing as late as 1 o'clock on Friday afternoon. His mother, Mrs. Yeaple, went along the creek and found the body of her son in the floating face downward. It is believed that while fishing he was attacked with a fit and fell forward into the stream and drowned. He was about 29 years of age.

Wm. A. Shambaugh, a brakeman on the P. & R., was seriously injured on Friday morning in the yards at Gettysburg. Being thrown from a train he struck on a cross tie, tearing and cutting the scalp from the bones over the front part of the head.

The Columbia correspondent of the Lancaster New Era says: "A very clever little swindling gag was carried on to a considerable extent within the last several days. A number of crayon portrait canvassers were selling portrait frames and to each purchaser of the same they gave a crayon portrait. They would solicit orders and when successful would require a small deposit to 'bind the bargain.' This method was carried on and in many instances unsuspecting purchasers were induced to pay \$2, \$4 or \$6, according to the size and quality of the frame. The canvassers unceremoniously left town one day, leaving the photographs in charge of the clerk, saying the people can get them by calling on the clerk and paying twenty five cents. They will be refunded upon calling for them."

Stricken by Apoplexy.

On Tuesday, Mr. Wm. Melhorn, an aged resident of High street, was stricken by apoplexy at his home. He is under the care of Dr. Sheetz and is slowly improving.

BATTILING WITH MOORS.

They Make an Assault on the Spanish Fortress at Melilla.

MADRID, Oct. 4.—The Spanish authorities recently decided to add to the strength of the fortification of Melilla, on the north coast of Morocco. The work was begun and pushed forward rapidly.

This increased the Moors, and on Monday morning a force of more than 6,000 natives attacked the Spanish garrison—400 souls. The Spanish troops had no food, but this was a matter of small consequence to them, as they knew that death or slavery awaited them should they be captured. They fought desperately.

The white residents of the town organized a force and took part in the defense. They were greatly outnumbered by the Moors, however, and were finally compelled to retire into the fortress located on the outskirts of the town, where they are still besieged.

During the battle eighteen of the Spaniards were killed and thirty-five wounded, including three officers.

The Spanish gunners at one time directed their fire upon a mosque, and almost completely destroyed it. Other buildings in the range of their fire were also destroyed. Northern Morocco has been greatly excited by the news of the attack, and the fanaticism of the inhabitants is being aroused by Mohammedan demands for revenge upon the "infidels" for destroying the mosque.

The Spanish officers and troops displayed the greatest bravery. The town, which is one of the Spanish penal settlements, is commanded by a citadel, which is built on a rock. After the Spanish troops and their civilian allies were forced by overwhelming numbers to retreat into the citadel the Moors attempted to take the place by assault. They swarmed up the roadways and tried in every way to scale the walls. The beleaguered men poured volley after volley at them, but as the Moors did not fight in any regular order, the fire was not as destructive as it would otherwise have been. Several sorties were made upon the Moors, but each time the defenders were driven back.

The Moors requested a truce yesterday. The request was granted and both sides buried their dead. The Moors have sued for peace. The Moorish government has been cowed completely by Spain's preparation for war. It has promised to make any reparation and has assured Spain of its most earnest efforts to repress the savagery of the hostile tribes. Most of the tribes are reported to have promised to abstain from all further hostilities against the Melilla garrison, but there is little confidence that they will keep their word.

Boiled to Death by Escaping Steam.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 3.—Yesterday a freight train on the Big Four railroad ran into three loaded flat cars at Edgewood. The engine was lifted bodily from its trucks and the tender thrown down a thirty foot embankment. On the front of the first car in the train three tramps from Columbus were riding. They were pinned in the wreckage and two of them boiled to death by escaping steam. The other was fearfully crushed about the head and breast, and died shortly afterwards.

The Alleged Rightly Murderer Captured.

TRENTON, Oct. 4.—Wallace Burt, the half breed Indian suspected of the murder of old Samuel Rightly and wife at Newtown, Pa., Sunday, Sept. 24, was captured in a swamp near Morrisville yesterday, half dead with hunger and cold. He was taken to Doylestown jail. Burt came out of a woods to the house of Turbert Ganges, a colored man, for food. Constable Wharton with a posse captured him.

Roberts Still Leads.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—The second of the series of billiard games between Ives and Roberts was played yesterday afternoon. Roberts scored a total of 801, while Ives scored 597. This left the grand total of the first two games: Roberts, 1,502; Ives, 1,539. The men met again in the evening, Roberts adding 1,002 to his score and Ives 703. This makes the total to date: Roberts, 2,504; Ives, 2,242.

NEW OXFORD BAKERY

HANOVER ST.

G. F. ECKENRODE, Proprietor.

A full line of the best

Bread,
Cakes,
Rolls, &c.

always on hand. Especial attention given to orders, which are always properly filled. 11 Aug 93

A Marvelous Cure.

The wonderful curative powers of Hoke's Improved Electric and Magnetic Belt and Insoles are shown in the case of Mr. E. B. Harrison, a well-known grocer, of 400 South George street, York, Pa.

On Dec. 27, 1892, Mr. Harrison, while returning home from market in a delivery wagon, was struck at the Princess street railroad crossing by the Cincinnati and St. Louis Express over the Northern Central Railroad. The wagon was broken into fragments and rolled together on a heap. Mr. Harrison and his clerk were thrown out and Mr. Harrison struck by the engine. When picked up he was pronounced dead. Faint signs of life were, however, discovered, though but little hope of recovery was entertained. Mr. Harrison remained unconscious for ten days lingering between life and death. Then consciousness returned. For five weeks he was unable to leave bed and for six or eight weeks could not move about. After having recovered so far as to be able to go out and move about, his condition began to grow worse again. His powers of locomotion became feeble, and when standing he could hardly maintain his equilibrium. He constantly used a cane, dragged his feet in walking and swayed about as though he would fall. The facts are known to hundreds of people in York where Mr. Harrison is well known.

Recently, however, a change was observed in Mr. Harrison's condition—a marvelous change. He ceased to use the cane, walked about just as any one else did, there was no halting, dragging of the feet, swaying or loss of equilibrium. People could not understand the change, so sudden and complete it was.

A "Dispatch" reporter, familiar with the accident and Mr. Harrison's condition following it, called upon him to learn what had produced all this improvement. Mr. Harrison said it was Hoke's Electric and Magnetic Belt and Insoles.

On the 9th of June, he said, I was induced to try Hoke's Improved Electric Magnetic Belt and Insole. At this time I did not have the entire use of my limbs. I could not lift my foot in walking, but had to drag the foot along ground. Nor could I stand quietly in one place without taking hold of something to steady myself. After wearing the Belt for a few days I felt a change and after wearing it a week I was able to take a walk of ten squares without feeling any bad effects. In about three weeks from the time I put the belt on my condition was so much improved that I took a trip to Lancaster, Reading, Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Since my return home have been attending to business at my store, and also attend four markets a week as well as I did before my accident.

On Labor Day I was able to participate in a parade of the Sons of America and the Junior and Senior Mechanics, held here, and I walked 31 squares from the time the parade started until it ended, never once falling out of line.

I am now so much encouraged by the benefit received by the use of Hoke's Improved Electric Magnetic Belt and Insole that I will give the credit to Prof. C. U. Hoke, inventor of the Belt.

Any one who wishes any information in regard to Mr. Harrison's condition before using, and as to the benefits derived from using Hoke's Belt and Insole can address him and he will cheerfully give it.

C. U. Hoke at the Metzel House, York, each Tuesday, during the Fair all week.

Orphans' Court Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1893, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JAMES M. ROBINSON, late of York township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will offer at public sale, on the premises, the following Real Estate:

A TRACT OF LAND situate partly in the borough of New Oxford and partly in Oxford township, on the public road leading from New Oxford to Littlestown and adjoining lands of Mrs. Dr. Hendrix, Wm. D. Hines, John Hines, Nicotias Lingg, Elias Lingg, Augustus Robinson, John Melhorn and Alex. Himes, containing about 85 Acres, more or less, improved with a 2-story Brick House, Stone Cut kitchen, frame Stable, Hog Pen and other out buildings. There is a Well of Water at the house and one at the barn. There is an excellent Orchard of Apple, Peach, Pear and Cherry Trees, also 8 fine Grape Arbors. The entire farm is under post and rail fences in good condition. The land is well watered and under a high state of cultivation. This is most desirable property and can be divided into town lots. Sale to begin at 1 o'clock, P. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by CHARLES ROBINSON, Administrator. sep22as

Go to Geo. A. Klingel's BARBER SHOP!

for a clean shave and a good Hair Cut. Razors used and conveyed at the lowest prices. Shop on Hanover street, next to O. A. Smith's music store.

Try and get the item trade. It pays.

FULLY READY

—FOR—

FALL BUSINESS!

ALL THE NEW COLORS

IN

Broadcloths!
Henrietta Surahs!
Hoop Sackings!
Dress Cloths!
Serges!
Novelties!

CORRECT TRIMMINGS

—New Coats and Capes!—

—THE READERS!—

G. W. WEAVER & SON

GETTYSBURG, PA.

READY

—FOR—

BUSINESS!

Call and see the new styles
in Men's Hats, Neckwear
and Clothing.

All the New Shades in
the latest Dress
Goods.

When you need Shoes you
can't afford to miss seeing
our assortment for
Fall and Winter.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. STOCK,

SWARTZ BUILDING, NEW OXFORD.



The business of Wm. D. Emmert, dec'd, will be continued by G. W. Emmert, Administrator, and as the stock must be sold bargains will be offered to all who will call and examine goods.

G. W. EMMERT, Adm'r,

N. W. CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

EVERYTHING NEW

A New Store in a New Building with an Entire New Stock
to be sold at New Prices.

We are now receiving an entire new and large stock of the best Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Stoneware, Earthenware and Woodenware, and will be glad to see the public in our new storeroom on Cor. Square and Philadelphia Street. Courteous Salesmen and Low Prices and a Full Stock of all things usually kept in a First Class Grocery are the combinations offered to you. We will always keep in stock a full line of Sugars, Coffees, Spices, syrups, Oil, &c., which will be way down in price. Of course we cannot enumerate everything, so we cordially invite you to come and see our stock, believing we can supply and please you with anything in our line.

Very Respectfully,

E. C. Livingston.

LETTER AND BILL HEADS

Neatly printed at this office, cheap.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—liberal reductions to those advertised by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest hand-bill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE in Sunday's Hall, (second floor), adjoining the Eagle Hotel, Centre Square.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 6, 1893.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Have you paid your tax?
Time to throw away straw hats.
Election day Tuesday, Nov. 7th.
Our schools are moving along nicely.

Only a month till the election from next Saturday.

Candidates are in season and among your best friends.

Jacob Slagle, of Oxford twp., lost a fine cow recently by bloat.

Letter heads and envelopes printed at this office on short notice.

Clean up in your yards and gardens and be free from disease germs.

Lane's medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

The widow of Michael Schall, of York, has received a check of \$20,000 from an insurance company.

It is said the oyster crop will be so large this season that church festivals can offer two oysters to the plate.

Geo. Carson, of Myerstown, this county, reports a yield of 425 bushels of potatoes from a two-acre patch.

Some sneak thief broke into a chest belonging to Wm. Caler, of Hanover, and took therefrom \$40 or \$50 in cash.

One day recently, H. O. Himes shot a fish crane on Himes' dam that measured six feet from tip to tip of wings.

FOR SALE—A double heater stove, as good as new, will be sold very cheap. Inquire at store of Gilbert & Himes, New Oxford.

Clarence, son of Peter McCauslin, dec'd, of Wrensville, fell from a buggy last week, breaking his leg between the knee and ankle.

E. H. Minnigh, of Gettysburg, has been granted a patent for his cash drawer which he has been using in his store for several years.

The streets of Gettysburg are now lighted by electricity. Hanover and McSherrystown electric lights will also be turned on in a few days.

James Fulton raised 200 bushels of Pride of the West potatoes to the acre near Stewartstown, York county, this season, despite the dry spell.

A. W. Dodge Post 44, G. A. R., of Baltimore, Md., on Sunday, took 1475 people through here to Gettysburg, on two special trains over the W. M.

Alexander Hoffman, a farmer living near Emmitsburg, who disappeared on the 19th ult., was found working near Fairfield. He has returned to his family.

WANTED—Work of any kind, carpentering, repairing, well digging, fence making, day labor, etc. Apply at this office or to John Brown, near Swope's school house.

Sunday morning John Thomas, son of George Thomas, of near Gettysburg, was kicked by a horse sustaining a painful contusion of the right thigh, just above the knee joint.

Thieves effected an entrance into the cellar of Jos. Jones' residence, near Hendrix Station, recently, and carried away all his jarred fruit and a lot of newly made sauerkraut.

In court at York, last Monday, E. P. Kittinger, of Hanover, found guilty of a violation of the liquor laws, was sentenced to the county jail for 20 days, pay a fine of \$200, and costs of prosecution.

H. N. Gitt, of Hanover, while en route to Chicago last week, had his pocketbook stolen from his coat which was in the berth of the sleeping car. The pocketbook contained between \$125 and \$150.

Coffee is advancing in price. Some grades have advanced as much as 3 cents per pound and merchants predict a further rise. The revolutionary disturbances at Rio Janeiro are said to be responsible.—Ex.

Andrew Criswell, of Straban township, who was so severely injured by a compound comminuted fracture of the knee cap as to be in danger of losing his right leg, is said to be somewhat improved.

Edward Houck, of near Hampstead, a brakeman on this division of the W. M. R. R., had the fingers of his right hand mashed while in the act of coupling cars in the yard at Gettysburg on Wednesday.

Hornace Heltzel, of near Bonneauville, who is threshing with one of the Geiser 30-inch separators, recently threshed, in a half day's time, 100 bushels of oats, 40 bushels of rye and 314 bushels of wheat.

Last Sunday night, while going home from prayer meeting at the Lower Bermudian church, Geo. Binder and Chas. Ebersole ran together with their buggies; broken spokes and shafts was the result.

In order to entitle you to vote at the fall election you must pay your taxes on or before October 7th. Every voter should attend to this matter personally and not be disfranchised for non payment of taxes.

The storehouse and residence of Martin Strayer, Mulberry, York co., were destroyed by fire Thursday morning with nearly all their contents. The post office was located in one of the buildings. Loss, about \$7,000.

Samuel Krider, aged 74 years, and a prominent member of the Dunkard church, has been missing from his home in York since last Saturday. Searching parties have been looking for him and the family has offered a reward for a clue to his whereabouts.

Harry Miller, of Gettysburg, had a narrow escape from death on Sunday morning week at the Carlisle Junction. He left an east bound train and attempted to board a through train running at a high rate of speed. He was dragged a great distance in great peril, but had presence of mind sufficient to let go his hold and throw himself backward from the train and escaped with little injury.

A correspondent writes: Last Friday night, during the terrific thunder storm, John Hemler came down Mt. Rock hill in a spring wagon, and F. Olinger, of Bonneauville, and Mrs. Small in a buggy came down the school house hill at a rapid speed. In the hollow there was a collision, the buggy more or less wrecked, and the occupants slightly hurt. It might have been death for all, in the rain and darkness.

Carver & Little, of Hanover, are offering wonderful bargains in ready-made suits and overcoats; they sell a good suit for \$5; overcoats can be had for \$2.50. They have the biggest lot of Ladies' Coats to be found anywhere, also an elegant lot of the latest style dress goods. Call and examine their stock, they are always glad to show goods.

At Westminster Thursday evening, as Reese Buckingham was driving into the barn yard of Lewis Greenwood with a load of phosphate, the wagon wheels struck a rail and the jolt threw Greenwood, who was on the front of the wagon, so violently to the ground that he was killed instantly. His neck was broken. He was a young farmer, unmarried, and lived near Crawford's store, Carroll county.

WHAT AM I TO DO?—This is the oft expression of the weary sufferer with rheumatism, neuralgia and other painful diseases. The whole human frame is tortured and racked with pain. It is well to remember no known medicine equals Red Flag Oil for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and bruises. Price 25 cents at Brantiz's drug store.

Mr. J. J. Conrad, of the firm of Ehrhart, Conrad & Co., of Hanover, was married on Wednesday last in John the Baptist's Roman Catholic church, Philadelphia, to Miss Alice Bateman, of Wassahickon, near Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. J. McBride, of Bonneauville, an uncle of the bride.

J. B. Wenk, one of Menallen township's most respected and best citizens died very suddenly on last Thursday while assisting at the raising of Mr. Webb's barn. After eating a hearty dinner and while talking with some men he suddenly fell over dead, the cause no doubt being heart trouble. Deceased leaves a wife and 10 children.

The Adams County Medical Society met Monday at the Court House, Gettysburg, and elected as officers for the year: President, Dr. G. L. Rice, of McSherrystown; Treasurer, Dr. Mumma, of Bendersville; Recording Secretary, Dr. Henry Stewart, of Gettysburg, and corresponding Secretary, Dr. J. Snyder, of McSherrystown. The next meeting will be on the first Monday in November, when several interesting papers will be read.

Personal.

Miss Nettie Swartz, of Philadelphia street, is visiting friends in Newville. Mr. Wm. Bollinger, of this place, spent last week with friends in Carlisle.

Mrs. Jos. Klunk and daughter Agnes, of McSherrystown, spent a few days with friends in town last week.

Mr. Harry Zercher, of Littlestown, was in town a few days last week conducting Mr. G. A. Klingel's barber shop, while Mr. K. was in Balto.

Mr. Geo. A. Klingel, of Hanover street, was visiting in Baltimore, a few days last week.

Mr. Geo. E. Klingel, of Baltimore, spent a few days with his uncle, Geo. A. Klingel, in this place, this week.

Mr. John E. Kepner, of Baltimore, is spending some time at home in this place.

Mr. C. C. Stough and wife, of Carlisle street, returned from their Western trip on Wednesday.

Died By His Own Hand.

William A. Hake, a prominent and prosperous citizen of near McKnightstown, Franklin township, committed suicide on Friday night. He had been in Gettysburg that afternoon, apparently in excellent health and spirits, but shortly after reaching home, he went into the wash house and blew the top of his head off with a shot gun. When found, the gun was resting against his body. He had placed the butt of the gun in the corner and the muzzle to the forehead, near the eyes, and with the ram rod had pushed the trigger. His brains were torn completely out of the skull and were splattered over the room. No adequate cause for the deed is assigned, except temporary mental depression. Mr. Hake was about fifty years of age and leaves a wife and nine children.

Pensions.

Isaac Fritz, of Franklin twp., who had received notice of a reduction of a reduction of his pension from \$8 to \$6 per month has been reinstated at his old rate. The pension of Jos. Daywalt, of Fairfield, lately granted, is rated at \$14 per month. W. Starnier, of Idaville, and Jos. Myers, of Uriah, who had been suspended, have been reinstated. Mrs. Susan Lady, of Arendtsville, has been granted a pension at \$12 per month with \$726 back pay.

Killed on the Railroad.

Tuesday morning's train on the Western Maryland railroad, struck and killed Mr. Joseph Musselman a short distance west of the Fairfield station. Mr. Musselman was passing from his peach orchard to his house, and was struck by the train, knocked down and run over. He was instantly killed. Mr. Musselman was 75 years of age and one of the most respected citizens of Hamiltonban. The sad accident cast a deep gloom over the entire community.

New Meat Store.

M. G. Colestock, of New Chester, will open a meat store in Peter Miller's building, Carlisle street, New Oxford, Pa., in the near future, and will keep constantly on hand the best of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats, and will be pleased to receive a liberal share of the public patronage. The delivery wagon will make three trips weekly through the town and surrounding country.

Mr. E. C. Livingston expects to open his new grocery store in his new building on Monday next. Mr. Livingston's goods are now arriving, and he will carry a large stock of everything of the latest and best in his line. He cordially invites the public to his opening, and also solicits a share of the public patronage, which we hope he will receive. See his advertisement in another column.

The store of Jacob Feder and the dwelling of Benjamin Snyder, at Fairmont, York county, was totally destroyed with their contents about 3 o'clock Monday morning. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The family of Mr. Snyder, consisting of a wife and four children, barely escaped with their lives. All their earthly possessions were consumed. Mr. Feder lost his entire stock of merchandise, valued at \$3500. No insurance.

The canning house of J. Benson Gable, situate a short distance southeast of Stewartstown, was destroyed by fire Saturday morning. The building contained the entire summer's pack of corn, tomatoes and peaches, about 9,000 cases in all. The building and a great portion of its contents was destroyed. The loss will be over \$12,000; insurance \$2,500.

COUGHING LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.
Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Broke His Arm.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Charles Carr, of York, chief carpenter of the force working on the house of Wm. Himes, this place, slipped and fell from the dormer window to the concave rafters and broke both bones of his right arm between the wrist and elbow. The convex bone of the arm was splintered badly and the other bone sustained a compound fracture, making a very painful accident. The bones were broken by his arm striking a sharp edge of a piece of timber when thrown up to save himself when Mr. Carr found he was about to fall. Dr. Strahan dressed the wound. Mr. Carr is well cared for at the Eagle Hotel and is getting along nicely.

A Gold Watch Free

The New Oxford Band proposes to give a gold watch away in the near future. The particulars of the gift will be explained to our citizens by the committee who will call upon them shortly. The watch will be on exhibition in one of the store windows of town soon, and we hope our citizens will all try and see who will get the watch.

POSITION WANTED—A respectable young lady desires a position to assist at dressmaking; nine years experience. Can also do millinery work. Will work for lowest wages for a good home. First-class reference can be given. Home in Adams county. Address "R. N.", New Oxford, Pa.

Advertise in the ITEM for big trade.

MARRIED.

Sept. 27, by Rev. D. T. Koser, Mr. Abraham Mickle, of Fairfield, to Miss Susan Snyder of Highland township.

Sept. 26, by Rev. J. W. Reese, Mr. Wm. Davis to Miss Alice Emigh, both of Latimore township.

Sept. 28, by the same, Mr. Chas. M. Chronister, of Latimore twp., to Miss Mary E. Comfort, of York county.

Sept. 14, at Harrisburg, by Rev. Luther DeYoy, Mr. John C. Smith, of Latimore twp., to Miss Mary Taughinbaugh, of Reading twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, voices, &c., 5 cents a line

Sept. 28, at Wrensville, Mr. John B. Wenk, aged 61 years, 8 months and 28 days.

Sept. 28, near Johns' mill, Mountpleasant twp., Mr. Pius Will, aged 75 years and 11 months.

In Bedford, Pa., Sept. 27, Mr. Chas. L. Gubernator, brother of J. L. Gubernator, of McSherrystown, aged 67 years.

BROOM FACTORY.

The Broom Factory on High Street, New Oxford, is still in operation, and can't make them fast enough to fill orders, but it will be run stronger soon. Brooms are giving satisfaction every where. Farmers who have broom corn will save money by getting it made up at this factory; will exchange brooms for corn, or will make up corn on shares or at a very low price. Storekeepers can save freight and money by buying brooms of T. S. SWOMLY, New Oxford, Pa.

Wheeler & Wilson

NEW HIGH ARM



SEWING MACHINE.

Sews either CHAIN or LOCK stitch. The lightest running, most durable, and most popular machine in the world.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. A GETS WANT D. BEST GOODS. BEST TERMS.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO., 1312 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair, and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

Samuel Wolf, (formerly with G. A. Klingel,) who recently opened a barber shop in Sunday's building near the Eagle Hotel, has received two entire new rigs of the best style and quality. He is now ready at all times to accommodate the public.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS—Owing to my absence from town the duplicate for the different taxes will be left at the store of Sheely & Bro., who will receive all moneys and give receipts for same. I will attend to the collection of taxes personally every Saturday. JOHN A. SHEELY, Collector.

Bring your job printing to this office Satisfaction guaranteed.

A Condition

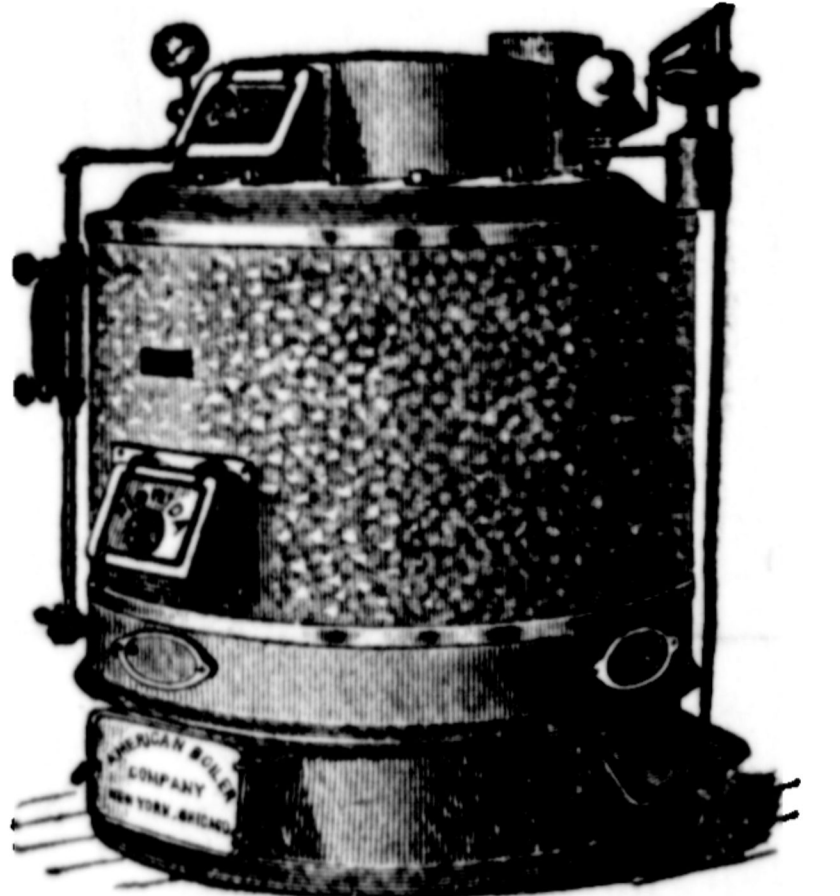
Not a Theory, confronts you; not as regards a public question, but in your own home. The time of year almost says aloud: "Get ready for winter."

Old weather prognosticators say that the weather will be severe; others that it will be mild; all have signs from nature that they claim are infallible.

Whether mild or severe if you have a good, reliable source of heat supply you can snap your fingers at any weather.

No system on the market today will so thoroughly and satisfactorily do this as steam, with lines of pipe running to every room and its ornamental radiators—neat, bronzed objects of adornment and comfort.

We know we have one of the best Steam Heaters in existence. Our object is to let you know it. And we feel confident that if once you seriously investigate our heater—"The Florida"—you will undoubtedly agree with us.



THE FLORIDA.

There are 14 sizes of the "Florida." If your house is small, look at a small sized heater, if a large house, vice versa.

A CATALOGUE

explaining the merits of our heater will be sent on request, and we will give you an estimate of the entire cost or any other information desired.

SPECIAL!—A member of the firm will be in New Oxford, at the Eagle Hotel, on Monday, Oct. 9. He can be seen there, or any messages left will receive his prompt attention.

R. D. ARMOR & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Haydock Bible!

Size 12 1/2 x 10 inches.

A complete family Bible, translated from the Latin Vulgate, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, with useful notes, critical, historical, controversial and explanatory, to which is added an illustrated and comprehensive Bible Dictionary, the whole beautifully illustrated numerous steel and colored plates and other appropriate engravings. It is bound in solid Morocco, blocked pattern, raised panel, gold edges, with two handsome nickel clasps, making a magnificent book that should be in every Catholic home. Price low; Terms easy.

For sale by MATERNUS J. SMITH, At the ITEM office. CALL TO SEE IT.

The Item's JOB WORK
always gives satisfaction

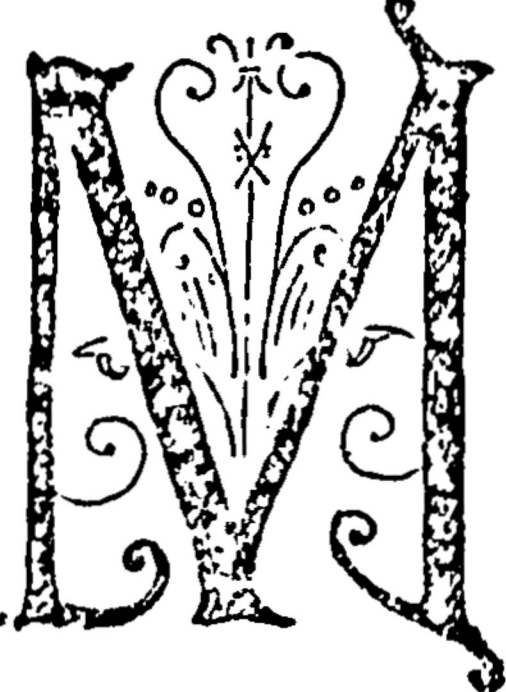
AUCTIONEERING

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

REALIZATION.

I wished one day, with Burns, some power
wad gie
The gift by means of which myself I'd see,
As to the watching world I seemed to be.
And, as it chanced, some fairy came my way,
And granted me the wish I'd made that day.
And oh, it filled my soul with blank dismay.
For as I looked, ah, how my pride did fall;
Against I staggered back against the wall;
The world was not aware of me at all.
—Carlyle Smith, in *Life*.

MISS HERFORD'S PROTEGE.



MISS HERFORD picked her steps daintily through the mob of dirty, barefooted children that swarmed the narrow pavements of the West End as she made her way back to civilization after a visit to her old nurse.

A great, overgrown girl was jumping in and out of some wagons in which the young vagabonds were keeping house with appropriate dirt and disorder.

"Bah! how human beings can exist as those little wretches do is beyond my comprehension!" meditated Miss Herford, as she stepped over one and around another of the youngsters.

The two had fallen out of the cart in the midst of a domestic squabble, and now made the air hideous with their lamentations. With the tears washing furrows on the grimy, distorted faces, around which the tousled hair grotesquely hung, and with muddy feet beating an enraged tattoo on the bricks, they seemed to her small animals.

But she suddenly turned in interested surprise; some one was singing. It was but a song of the streets, but the child's voice thrilled it with a subtle sweetness and expression that went at once to the music-worshipping heart of Caroline Herford.

"That's Nora Mulvey singin'," said one of the little vagabonds, scrambling to her feet and wiping her eyes on a very torn dress. "She sings lots of songs. I learned her some."

Miss Herford did not heed the child, but went straight to the old covered cart from whence the music came. The great thirteen-year-old romp was the singer. In her arms she held one of the squirming younger children, whom she was pretending to sing to sleep.

"You are the person who was singing?" asked Miss Herford, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes'm," answered the girl, staring in surprise at the stylish young lady who seemed so interested in her music. "Didn't you never hear that song before? Patsy taught it to me; mebbe you'd like to learn it?"

"No, but I should like to have you sing more for me. Not now," she added, hastily, as the girl made signs of immediately complying with the request. "Where do you live, Nora?"

"Round in Doolan's court," several of the children chorused.

"Shut up!" snapped Nora, crossly. "Guess I kin answer the lady; it's me she's talkin' to."

Miss Herford shuddered. "Do you think," she inquired, "your mother would let you come to my house some day to sing?"

The girl laughed. "Oh, I ain't got no mother. I live with my A'nt Ann; she wouldn't care."

"Very well, I want you to come. This is my card; it will tell you where I live. And—here is some money." She slipped a silver half dollar into the girl's palm; she had heard somewhere that the lower classes were very fond of money.

A few days later Miss Herford's black Jerry was astonished by the spectacle of a shabby little girl demanding admittance within their aristocratic portals.

"Is she in?" asked the child, timidly.

Evidently she was awed by so much grandeur.

"Who?" demanded Jerry, suspiciously peering out.

"Her; the one that tole me to come an' sing."

"I jes' guess you's got the wrong place, li'l' gurl."

"But I ain't. Say, isn't this the number?" And she held forth Caroline Herford's now sadly soiled card.

Old Jerry would not for world's sake have admitted he could not read, so he took the card and gazed at it for a moment scrutinizingly.

"Mus' be some mistake," he said. "What you say de name? Herford? Yes, dat's de name. Oh, Miss Caroline, as Miss Herford emerged from one of the doors at the end of the hall, 'heah's a young pussen dat says she's come to see you."

Miss Herford came swiftly down the hall, the train of her silken house dress rustling luxuriously over the thick carpet.

"Oh, Nora. Is it you? Come in; I am very glad to see you. I think you had better come up to the music room with me. Jerry, if any one calls this afternoon I am engaged."

The child followed Miss Herford into the handsomely furnished room,

where she perched herself gingerly on the edge of one of the fragile-looking carved chairs. She sang until she was tired; then Miss Herford rang for the black man, and he brought up a tray bearing fruit and cake.

Miss Herford watched her curiously as she nibbled daintily at the rich frosted cake.

"Nora, how would you like to study music and some day be a great singer?"

"Like them that Patsy tells 'bout at the 'cademy that sings an' dances?"

"No, no," Miss Herford answered quickly, "but a great artist—a Lind or a Patti."

She saw that Nora did not understand.

"Dunno." The girl dug the toes of her shoes uneasily into the depths of a Persian rug. "If you think 'twould be nice, I'd like," and she flushed at her own audacity, "to be like you."

"No, Nora, not like me, for I can never be a singer," Miss Herford sighed. "But you have the voice. Even then it will take years."

"I don't care; guess 'twould be better'n mindin' squallin' young 'ns an' washin' dishes."

"Yes, Nora," appealing to the child's evident admiration for the luxury she saw about her, "and you could be rich, and everybody would admire you. Why, there isn't a thing in the world you couldn't have."

"Oh, my! I would like that!" exclaimed the child.

"But first," explained Miss Herford, "you must work and work."

"I don't like much to work," confessed Nora, frankly, "but if there weren't a heap to do I guess I could put up with it."

"You may go, then, Nora, but I want you to come again this day week—next Tuesday. Will you remember?"

"Yes'm, I'll come."

When Nora returned on the following Tuesday she found a carriage at the door, and Miss Herford dressed for a drive. She was stowed away among the soft cushions, and for an hour enjoyed the bliss of riding in a fine carriage beside an elegant lady, a piece of good fortune she had never expected to be hers. At last the horses were reined up before a plain but substantial dwelling.

"This is the girl I told you of, Professor," said Miss Herford to the tall, nervous-looking man who admitted them.

"Come in, come in," said he. The parlor was littered with books and pieces of music. Two pianos took up the greater part of the space unoccupied by the visitors.

"Now I am ready," said he to Nora, seating himself without waste of time at one of the instruments and running his fingers over the keys. "Good! Now try this."

For half an hour he experimented with her voice. At last he turned to Miss Herford.

"It is, as you said, a wonderful voice. With culture it will be everything. It is to you a great gift, child," and he looked respectfully at the rough, untidy little girl.

When Miss Herford and the girl left the music master's the coachman was ordered to drive to Doolan's court. It was found, after much directing and misdirecting on the part of Nora, Her relatives were at supper at the carriage stopped at the entrance to the court.

"Mrs.—Mrs.—" hesitated Miss Herford.

"Mrs. McCaskey, mum," prompted that individual, with her arms akimbo, and half a dozen or more small McCaskeys staring from behind her skirts.

"Mrs. McCaskey, you have a large family, and doubtless at times you find it difficult to care for your own. What would you say to my taking Nora off your hands?"

"Dude, mum, it's koin'd o' ye. What say ye, Mike?" to a stolid man who continued at the table, bolting potatoes.

"It's nuthin' to me," he replied. "The child has a home wid us as long as she's a mind to. If she thinks she's betterin' herself she kin go."

"Nora, what have you to say?" and Miss Herford leaned eagerly forward to hear her reply.

Nora gazed at her uncle. Miss Herford saw that in her rude, instinctive way the child was fond of him. Then she looked out at the carriage standing at the entrance to the alley, where a group of her ragamuffin friends had gathered to admire the stylish equipage. Pride won.

"I'd like to go with the lady."

"Of course," Miss Herford explained, "she will come back to see you sometimes."

The next day, amid cheers from the envious and admiring ragged children, Nora drove away from Doolan's court.

"Good-by, Patsy," she called to an urchin of fifteen who sat whittling on one of the rickety doorsteps.

"Good-by, Nora. Good luck!"

"That's Patsy," Nora explained, pointing him out for Miss Herford's benefit.

But that lady paid no attention. She was busy with calculations as to Nora's future. This, her latest hobby, had taken a firm hold on her. She was a little too fond of hobbies, her friends said, but as she was wealthy, and with no immediate relatives, nobody felt it to be his business to interfere with her. She had always had

her own way, and always meant to have it. Even fate had never thwarted her. Miss Herford was therefore a little inclined to think well of her own judgment. As she was young, clever, rich, handsome and agreeable, the world humored her in her belief.

She placed Nora, as soon as possible, in a school where capable teachers did their best to supplement the small learning she had acquired by an erratic attendance at the public schools. She was but an indifferent scholar at best. In music only did she take any interest, or make remarkable progress. The music masters, and she had the best money could secure, raved over her wonderful gifts.

Miss Herford visited the school occasionally. She was pleased with the success of her work. She would make of the girl a singer, an artist, such a one as she herself yearned to be. With the strong musical temperament that lacked the ability to express itself, she could not comprehend any one looking on a musical career as other than the highest earthly destiny.

Nora exhibited no enthusiasm. Once or twice she tried to express her gratitude to her benefactress, but Miss Herford promptly repressed her. She disliked demonstrative people. So the girl was stolid and indifferent.

Only once did she brighten into something like interest. Miss Herford, to please a friend, had consented that her protegee should sing at a small charitable concert. For Miss Herford the evening was to be a foretaste of future triumphs.

In her simple white dress, as she stepped to the front of the stage, Nora made a pretty picture. Doolan's court had in some way learned of the girl's appearance, and had turned out in full force. Miss Herford had long since forgotten the existence of Doolan's court.

She eyed its inhabitants wonderingly and disapprovingly through her lorgnette; such rough, awkward people were out of place among well dressed ladies and gentlemen. Neither was she prepared for the burst of applause that followed Nora's first song. It was quite well done, and Miss Herford put her gloved hands together in mild and well-bred approval. The rough shouts, the vulgar stamping and whistling, however, annoyed that lady exceedingly.

"Why," questioned she mentally, "have those rude people come to spoil the concert?"

Something whirled through the air and fell at Nora's feet as she finished the encore. It was a bouquet; a gaudy combination of common flowers, probably bought of some hucksters in the daily market. Nora stooped and picked it up, smiled and nodded to some one in the rear of the hall, and disappeared from the stage. When she appeared again the flowers had been clumsily pinned to her dress; this caused the Doolan court element to howl with delight and provoked among the rest of the audience a slight elevation of eyebrows.

Miss Herford spent the remainder of the evening in composing the rather severe speech by which she intended to make known her displeasure to the girl. When she saw Nora's radiant face and listened to her gleeful chatter, she had not the heart to be stern.

"Isn't it beautiful, Miss Herford?" holding the gorgeous flowers toward that lady, who involuntarily shrank back a step. "Patsy it was brought them. An' did you see 'em all—A'nt Ann an' Uncle Mickey, an' the Raffertys an' Mulligans an' O'Bradys, an' all o' them!"

When Nora was excited she was apt to lapse into her old ways of talking. Two years of boarding school had not cured her of peculiarities of speech and thought.

"Nora, I really wish you would entirely drop those old associates of yours. I should prefer you to form friendships elsewhere. You must never forget your future."

Nora gazed sorrowfully into the face of her benefactress, but was silent. Already her future had begun to weigh heavily on her young shoulders.

Three years more passed quickly away. Nora had grown to be a tall girl of eighteen, a Diana in whose deep blue eyes and curly black locks Miss Herford was beginning to feel an interest; for, as she remarked, a comely appearance is a great advantage to a singer, particularly if she intends to sing in opera. Already she had made preparations to take Nora abroad, where she was to continue her studies.

"I think, Nora, in two or three years you will be able to make your debut in grand opera, but we must not be too confident. I wish you to lay a perfect foundation on which to build your career."

Nora stirred uneasily in her low chair beside the parlor window. Her face was turned away; in the summer twilight Miss Herford could not see its expression, but she was irritated that the girl should display no interest in her plans.

"I wish, Nora," said she, "that you would sing the 'Ave Marie.' I'm tired and out of sorts; it always rests me."

The girl moved languidly toward the piano, while Miss Herford rolled her chair to the window, where she could look across the carefully kept lawn and flower beds and among the trees

through which the myriad glittering lights of the city below were fitfully gleaming. The "Ave Marie" was a favorite with Miss Herford. Nora sang it as if more than usually inspired.

"Ah," mused Miss Herford, "if I had that girl's voice what would I not do! But she—if she were only not so indifferent! Still, she puts feeling enough into her voice."

With a wail the last note of the prayer died away. Nora rose from the piano with a sob.

"I'm sorry, Nora, if the music affects you so," said Miss Herford, in her calm, courteous way.

The girl stood trembling before her, with something like a menace in her eyes.

"No, Miss Herford, it is not the music. It's all a mistake. I'm not meant for a great singer. How can I sing when my heart is breaking?"

"Sing! Why, Nora, I never found fault with your singing. With cultivation—"

"No, no, Miss Herford; you don't understand! I can't live this way, a machine to grind out songs for people who care nothing for me, only for the voice, the art. I know I seem ungrateful. I don't mean to be—but you don't care for me—at least not like Patsy does."

Nora was weeping uncontrollably now.

Miss Herford sat rigid with horror. She remembered that fearful bouquet. Had Nora disregarded her wishes and continued those old friendships? Had those two been indulging in sentiment? But no, it was too preposterous—a common boy and the world's future nightingale!

"Nora, your nerves are unstrung. I think you had better go to your room. What you have said has pained me greatly. Of this person, Patsy, to whom you refer, I know nothing. I shall feel it my duty as your guardian to inquire into the intimacy at which you hint. You know, Nora, I asked you to drop all those former low acquaintances of yours."

The girl had risen to her full height. Her clinched hands and flashing eyes contrasted oddly with the tears that rolled down her cheeks.

"Patsy is not a low person, Miss Herford. I mean to marry Patsy. I shall go back to Doolan's court, back to my own people. I am of their order, and they understand and sympathize with me. You and yours freeze me with your coldness and ceremony. When I was too young to understand, you bought me with promises of a magnificent future that I now know can never be mine, for wealth and culture have no power to make me, the daughter of peasants, happy. Even you are sad and miserable. How, then, should I, with my simple tastes, be happier? Your experiment is a failure? Keep your wealth and fame; it costs too much. I must—I must have happiness!"

Miss Herford was stunned. Before she could speak the girl was gone.

"Nora, Nora!" she called.

But there was no answer. Were all the years of study, that matchless voice, to be lost? No, it was her duty to the world, to herself, to Nora, to prevent any rash actions. She should not go back to that vile place and those stupid, ignorant people.

She rose to go to Nora's room. The door was open, but the girl was not there. She rang the bell and ordered the maid to go and look for her. The servant returned to say she could not find her.

"It is too late—too late!" groaned Miss Herford, sinking into a chair. "But I did the best I could." Turning again to the girl, who was staring curiously, she said: "Go and tell Jerry to come here; I must find her."

The old man came. "Jerry, Miss Nora has gone out—I think to that place. Miss Herford spoke with an effort. 'To that place called Doolan's court. I want you to go after her and bring her home.'"

"Yes, miss, I'll bring her back."

He was gone for hours, but he, too, was unsuccessful. Her aunt said she had not seen her niece.

Miss Herford spent a sleepless night. In the morning she looked mechanically over the papers. Something among the marriage notices caught her eye. Only three lines of print, but they spoiled forever Miss Herford's experiment.—*Waverly Magazine*.

Drinking Tea With English Statesmen.

One of the most coveted of invitations this season has been to the terrace of the House of Commons, where on one afternoon lately there were to be seen no less than 200 ladies, in company with wearied legislators, refreshing themselves with tea and talk. As to the tea, for many years one particular brand has been furnished to the House by one tea company. The terrace is one of the prettiest promenades in London. The debates in the House are of secondary importance to the "debates" on the terrace, pleasantly assisted by the fragrant tea, concerning which there is a unanimity of opinion which the Government must surely envy.—*London Illustrated News*.

The first printing office in the United States was established in 1639; the first political newspaper was printed in 1763; the first daily paper in 1784; the first penny paper in 1833, and the first illustrated paper in 1853.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Avo love me, sweet, with all thy heart,
Thy mind, thy soul, and all thou art
And hop'st to be—love me with love
That naught beneath the heavens may move!
Yet say not wherefore; say not why
Thou lovest—since in these do lie
The seeds of death to Love, but say,
Thou lovest, and must love away!

For should'st thou love some witching grace
Of word or manner, form or face—
Should thy heart's worship thus be bought
By any gift that Time hath wrought,
So art thou false to Love's pure creed,
And like to fall in sorest need.
But love for Love's dear sake, I pray,
Then shalt thou love me, sweet, away!
—Zitella Cooke, in *Lippincott's*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is thyme that makes the old man sage.

Well done—The farmer who falls in with bunko men.—*Philadelphia Call*.

The quickest way of smoothing rough characters is to iron them.—*Texas Sittings*.

Many a fond parent does not get to sleep until after the bawl is over.—*Boston Globe*.

Even when the acrobat is bending the crab on the front lawn he is, figuratively speaking, on the back stoop.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Geography Teacher—"Tommy, how is the earth divided?" Tommy—"Er, not at all; cause everybody most wants it all."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"Smith's business is going along like clockwork." "Pooh, his place is in the hands of a receiver." "That's it, being wound up."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Dinkle—"Funny thing about No-rich and his new piano." Dinkle—"Is, eh?" Dinkle—"Yes; plays it by ear and pays for it by note."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Arrival—"Can I put up at this house?" Clerk—"I suppose so. Got any baggage?" Arrival—"No." Clerk—"How much do you want to put up?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Jones—"Is your wife at home, Mr. Wilbur?" Wilbur—"Not certain, but if you'll hold that screen door open half a minute you'll hear from her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Consolation of Matrimony: She—"I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me?" He—"Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have known it."—*Life's Calendar*.

Prisoner—"But I would rather tell my own story. Don't you think it would be believed?" Lawyer—"Yes, that's the trouble. It would carry conviction with it."—*Harlem Life*.

"You seem to like the Colonel, Uncle Mose?" "Yes, sah; he's a gentlemanly, sah!" "Gentlemanly, in what way?" "With his money, sah, with his money."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Tenor—"Sir, this music is a trifle too high for me." Manager—"Let us take it a note lower." Tenor—"Oh, half a note would do." Manager (solemnly)—"Here, sir, we never do things by halves!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Mr. Meteman, said the young wife with great severity to her butcher, "those last eggs you sent me were all spoiled, and unless you change your old hens for new ones I shall be obliged to trade somewhere else."—*Chicago Record*.

Random Observer—"Pardon me, but what are you putting down in your note-book?" World's Fair Visitor—"Oh, I'm just putting down the things that have made an indelible impression upon my memory so that I won't forget them."—*Chicago Record*.

Freshleigh (to stranger at a reception)—"Gad, this is a funny house! I came here to-night without an invitation." Stranger—"So did I. How did you come here?" Freshleigh—"Just walked in. How did you come here?" Stranger—"Just walked in. It's my house."—*Vogue*.

He was a small man, the conductor of an electric car, and she was a large, powerful looking woman. "I want you to put me off at Concord street," she said. He viewed her majestic figure for a moment, and replied: "Madam, I will stop the car and let you get off."—*New York Press*.

"I suppose the panic hasn't struck you yet, Mr. Grotz?" "It hasn't, eh? Here I've got more'n \$40,000 that I can't get people to borrow at all—they're all afraid to go into business any deeper. If those times keeps up a little longer I'll land in the poor-house in six months."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A judge, in crossing the Irish Channel one stormy night, knocked against a well-known witty lawyer who was suffering terribly from seasickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes," gasped the seaisick lawyer, "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."—*White Mountaineer*.

Chollie—"I hate to say anything ill of a dead man, but the doosid lawyers who have been looking over Tipper-ton's papers have brought to light things that showed him to be no gentlemen." Chappie—"Haw! What did they find?" Chollie—"Ev'ry time he loaned any money to any of the men in the club he made a memorandum of it."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 6 1893.

ALL FREE.—Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertiser, druggist and get a bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing, at Dick's drug store.

George Walker, noted for his large size, died at his home in Rockland, R. I., of typhoid fever, last week. He weighed 500 pounds and was 5 feet 11 inches tall, and his waist measurement was 72 inches.

SEE THE WORLD'S FAIR FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.—Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the money and let you keep the book. Address H. E. BUCKLEN & Co., Chicago, Ills.

Struck with a stick by his brother in play, the little child of Henry Outer, of Bloomington, Ill., had his throat cut by a wire and bled to death.

De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures piles. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures burns. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures sores. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures eczema. J. W. Barnitz.

For the loss of her husband, who was killed by a sack of clay thrown from a Pennsylvania railroad train, Mrs. Samuel Faby, of Bridgewater, Bucks county, recovered \$3,000.

Little vegetable health producers: De Witt's Little Early Risers cure malarious disorders and regulate the stomach and bowels, which prevents headache and dizziness. Jas. Barnitz.

By the breaking in of the Michigan River in the Mansfield mine, near Crystal Falls, Mich., Friday, twenty-eight miners were drowned, all chances of escape being cut off.

TWO VALUABLE FRIENDS.—1. A physician cannot be always bad. Rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises and burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil. 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Pan-Tina is sold at Barnitz's drug store.

Thomas Rogers, jr., who shot and killed his father at Chester last January, was convicted at Media of murder in the second degree.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises, skin affections and piles. Jas. Barnitz.

By a false alarm of fire in a synagogue at Kalwarya, Poland, nine people were killed in the crush and 100 injured.

All that honesty, experience and skill can do to produce a perfect pill, has been employed in making De Witt's Little Early Risers. The result is a specific for sick head, ache, biliousness and constipation. Jas. Barnitz.

Henry Coleman, jr., colored, who attempted to assassinate Capt. Thomas Lyles was taken from the jail at Benton, La., Friday by eighty men and lynched.

Ignorance of the merits of De Witt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, bad breath, constipation and biliousness. Jas. Barnitz.

Two trainmen were killed and several injured by a collision of a passenger train and a freight Friday night near Hazel Patch, Ky.

One word describes it—'perfection.' We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. Jas. Barnitz.

Thomas, James and George McCoy were Thursday fatally mangled in Shamokin coal mines.

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use De Witt's Little Early Risers for these little pills will cure them. Jas. Barnitz.

Over 80,000 persons attended the Allentown fair Thursday and it is claimed to be the biggest crowd that ever assembled on such an occasion in Pennsylvania.

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is the best Salve that experience can produce, or that money can buy. Jas. Barnitz.

Mrs. John Cox, of Port Perry, Pa., was burned to death Thursday by the explosion of a lamp. She was 40 years of age and leaves a husband and several children.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, tetter, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, ulcers, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

Mrs. Stanford's family allowance from the late Senator Stanford's estate was on Monday increased from five thousand to ten thousand dollars per month on her representation that five thousand was inadequate.

An employee of the Spreckels' sugar refinery, Philadelphia, was smothered in sugar on Friday.



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

DRUG
—AND—
JEWELRY STORE
N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

J. W. DICKS

—DEALER IN—

Pure Drugs,

Medicines,

Chemicals,

Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles,

Choice Perfumery,

Fancy Goods,

Fine Stationery,

Notions, &c.,

Cigars & Tobacco,

Choice Wines and Liquors,

for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions

our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.,

for sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed.

All goods in either department warranted as represented.

TO

THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

NEW DRUG STORE

J. W. Barnitz,

having purchased the Drug store from E. G. Cook, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. An entire new stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes,

Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery,

Dye

Stuffs, &c.,

such as are kept in a first-class drug store.

All articles will be sold at reasonable rates.

Non-pull-out

is an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off the watch.

Here's the idea

The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

It positively prevents the loss of the watch by theft, and avoids injury to it from dropping.

IT CAN ONLY BE HAD with Jas. Boss Pilled or other watch cases bearing this trade mark.

All watch dealers sell them without extra cost.

A watch case opener will be sent free to any one by the manufacturers.

Keystone Watch Case Co.,

PHILADELPHIA.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. STRAHAN,
Physician and surgeon, will attend to professional calls night or day. Office on Philadelphia street, near Centre square, New Oxford.

DR. M. D. BISHOP, DENTIST,
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in Newman's Building, Frederick street. Hours—8 a. m. to 12 m. 1 to 4 p. m.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, widows, &c.; also, to conveyancing, liens and collections. 22mar89

J. A. KITZMILLER,
Attorney at Law, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of Spangler's building, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., recently occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him.

S. MC. SWOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house. 17-2-82

WM. ARCH. MCLEAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on the first floor in the e. which property, southwest corner of the Diamond.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Brennenman's Drug Store.

CHAS. S. DUNCAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Will continue the practice of law at the office of his father, the late W. A. Duncan, on Baltimore street. All legal business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 5mar85

WM. P. QUIMBY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams co., Pa. Office with Hon. David Wills, southeast corner of the Diamond. 12sept89

C. E. EHRHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HANOVER, Pa. Office—No. 5 Carlisle street. Special attention paid to the Orphans' Courts of York and Adams counties. 2may91.

D. MC CONAUGHY'S
Law, Loan and Real Estate Offices, No. 13 Baltimore St., 1st floor, 2d floor, Gettysburg, Pa. In connection with the practice of Law will do a Real Estate and Loan Business. Sale books opened to all desiring to buy Real Estate, without charge for reference. Both parties desiring to make and receive desired obtain loans will receive prompt attention. Attention given to Pension claims under Act of June 27, 1890, and all other acts, and other claims against the U. S. Government. Also, can furnish desirable investments paying above 6 per cent. guaranteed. Apply personally or by letter to
D. MC CONAUGHY, Gettysburg, Pa.

C. W. STONER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, - Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of the Columbia building on Baltimore street. All legal business will receive prompt attention.

J. I. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, with S. Mc. Swope, Esq., opposite the Court house.

HOTELS.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,

GEORGE SUNDAY,
Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling. 24jan90.

NATIONAL HOUSE, East Berlin,

WM. SUNDAY, Proprietor.
Permanent and transient boarding at reasonable rates. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and an attentive hostler. 22aug90.

GLOBE HOTEL, Gettysburg,

F. HAMER, Proprietor.
This old and well-known Hotel has been recently remodeled, refitted and refurnished. Will be pleased to accommodate the whole public. Extensive stabling and an attentive hostler. YORK STREET, NEAR THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg,

Second floor from Court House. Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the above well known Central Hotel, take pleasure in asking you to call and give me a trial. Special rates to ladies and persons attending court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am confident that you will again patronize me after giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. McAVITT, Prop'r.

Hotel Columbus, McSherrystown,

J. H. McMASTER, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown,

GEO. W. REEFER, Proprietor.
At the Railroad, on Baltimore street. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all the business places. Large sample rooms. Good stabling and attentive hostler. Moderate rates.

HOTEL BARKER, Hanover,

G. A. WIESE,
Prop'r—Good accommodations, moderate charges. Bar stocked with choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. A large, well fitted sample room. First-class Billiard and Pool Tables. Extensive stabling and shedding attached. CARLISLE ST.

J. S. Weaver.

N. LINGG

WEAVER & LINGG

MANUFACTURERS OF

Threeeing Machines, Horse Powers, and Farm Machinery generally; AGENTS for Whiteley Binder and Mower, and Farming Implements of every description.

Having purchased the well-known Foundry and Machine shops of Deich & Co., the subscribers are prepared to build Threshers!

Churns generally. They have all the latest patterns and are prepared to build new machines and repair broken ones. Engines and Separators and Machinery of all kinds, or furnish cuttings for same, at short notice.

All Work by experienced workmen. Estimates given to order at the lowest market prices. General machine repairing promptly done at moderate charges. Satisfaction guaranteed. NOVELS, Weights, Kettles, Hog Trunks, repairs for all kinds of Pumps, and a large lot of Machine Castings always in stock for sale. Horse Shoeing & General Blacksmithing. Hanover, Pa. 22apr89.

Notably Printed and Bound

BLANK RECEIPT

Aug. 8th to Sept. 15, '93!

BARGAIN SALE

IN
SUMMER CLOTHING FOR MEN, BOYS, —AND— CHILDREN!

Now this would be a rare opportunity to get nice clothing at greatly reduced prices. It will pay to make an investment.

J. H. MYERS,

THE LEADING

Clothier and Fashionable Tailor,
Star & Sentinel building, Gettysburg, Pa.

THIS SPACE

is reserved for the advertisement of Sheely & Bro., who are just now offering bargains in hot weather dress goods and clothing.

GROCERIES WAY DOWN. AT THEO. E. WARNER'S.

GOOD FOR 30 DAYS.

Fruit Jars—qts. 80c. doz. Pure Sugar Syrup, 35c. gal.
1-gal. \$1 doz. Corned Beef, sliced, 15c. pound.
N. Y. Cream Cheese 15c. per lb. Just received new mackerel & white fish.
Bananas, 20c. dozen. Georgia melons cheap.

Come and see me and get lowest cash prices before purchasing elsewhere. Don't that Mason Jars are only 80 cents a dozen.

Theo. E. Warner,

RED FRONT GROCERY.

WE WANT RIGHT AWAY Reliable men in every section of America to represent us, advertise and keep our show cards tacked up in towns, on trees and fences along public roads. Steady work in your own county. \$75 A MONTH. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID EVERY TWO WEEKS WHEN STARTED. J. H. SCHAAF & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

ASTHMA
Dr. Taft's ASTHMALENE contains no opium or other anodyne, but destroys the specific asthma poison in the blood, gives a night's sweet sleep and cures. On receipt of name and post-office address we mail trial bottle and prove to you that it will and does cure asthma. FREE ASTHMALENE. so that you need not neglect your business or sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. For sale by all druggists. DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SHERIDAN'S Keep Chickens Strong and healthy; it gets your pullets to laying early; it is worth its weight in gold when hens moult; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhoea, Leg-weakness. It is a powerful food digestive. Large cans are most economical to buy. NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs. It is absolutely pure, highly concentrated, therefore used in small doses, no other kind one fourth as strong. In quantity it costs less than one-fourth cost a day per hen. "One large can saved me \$40; send six more to try vent rump this winter" says a customer. Sold by druggists, grocers and feed dealers. No other ever made like it. If You Can't Get It Near Home, Send to Us. Ask First. We send postpaid one pack for 25c; Five \$1. One large can \$1.20, six cans \$6. express paid. Sample copy of "the best poultry paper published" sent free. J. S. SHERIDAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

E. G. LOUGH'S MARBLE YARD
opposite the Reformed church,
New Oxford, - Penn'a.

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 28apr89.

Blanks of all kinds, good paper, for sale at this office.

BEEF HIDES.

The highest CASH prices paid for all kinds of BEEF HIDES, at Warner's Slaughter House,

—OR AT THE—

Red Front Grocery.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased the warehouse on Pitt STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats, Corn, clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw, &c. Will also keep a full stock of FLOUR, FEEDS, SALT, &c.

LUMBER AND COAL.

The Lumber and coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same

A. SHEELY.

HE IS COMING TO HANOVER

Inventor of Hoke's Improved ELECTRIC BRS. CHEST PAD, INSOLERS, &c. will be at the Central Hotel, Hanover, each Wednesday. Not one remedy under the sun can show equal results. Send for a book.

C. U. HOKE, Reading, Pa.

Blanks of all kinds printed on good paper cheap at this office.